



THE
SHEPHEARDES
COMPLAINT.

A passionate Eclogue, written in
English Hexameters:

Wherenvnto are annexed other conceits, brieflie
expressing the effects of Loues impressions, and
the iust punishment of aspiring
beautie. *By J. D.*

Brevissima, gratissima.



Imprinted at London for William Blackewall,
and are to be sold at his shop ouer against
Guild-hal Gate.

Plot 3135-51



O all courteous Gentlemen
Readers, Scholers, and who-
socuer else affect the studie of
Poetrie, *John Dickenson* pre-
sents this the fruit of an vnripe
wit, done *succissiuis hortis*: desi-
ring them courteously to accept, & fauourably to
peruse these his ill-pleasing labours, and protect
them by their friendly censures, from the malice
of vnfriendlie carpers, not for their owne worth,
which are worthlesse: but entreating them ra-
ther to allow his good will in perfourming what
hee could, then accuse his want of sufficiencie in
not affording what they would.





Vidit Amor, visos legit, lectosque probauit
Anglia quos de se libros musaque Britanna
Composuere: Deo placuit mutatus Amintas
Veste nicens propria & Romana veste decorus:
Nec placuisse minus viridi dignissima lauro
Aurifluis facunda metris Sidneia scripere,
Et laudes Rosamunda ruce: nec numinis villa
Subterfugerunt oculos visumque camœna.
Singula dum lustrat, Pastoris forte querelam
Conspexit risusque parum, dein talia facit
Sunt ait hac aliquid laudes spectantia nostras,
Et sunt parva licet, non aspernanda videntur,
Hac Deus: hac nostra prabent solatia muse.





The Shepheards Complaint.



Hecbus awaked with the early summons of Aurora, mounted his burning Chariot bathed in the Chrystalline cleare streames of aged Oceanus, while she moistning the earth with a shoure of silver pearled dewe, did solemnize with her morning teares, the never-ended obsequies of her dearest Memnon. But though the God coupling his head-strong steeds, had begun his daies-taske in the Eclipticke, yet I, whose vnquiet thoughts afforded no rest to my ouer-wearied senses in the silent night, resolued not to rise, til I had somewhat refreshed & repaird the decaying vigoz of my dulled spirtes. As thus I lay musing on sundrie matters, gentle sleepe recompenced my oft-interrupted numbers with a long repose, wherein mee thought I was transported into the blessed soile of heavenly Arcadia, the beauteous garnishing of whose fertile plaines, decked with the pride of Flora, which had there opened the royall storehouse of her pompous magnificence, did farre surpassee the triuall pleasures of Thessalian Tempe. I cleane rauished with delight, solac'd my selfe in the viewe of that Celestiall plot, earths second paradise, whose pleasures thus brydig, though badly, I will expresse.

I Fields were ouer-spred with floures,
Fairest choyce of Floraes treasure:

The Shepheards complaint.

Shepheards there had shadic bowers,
Where they oft repos'd with pleasure:
Madowes flourish'd fresh and gay,
Where the wanton heards did play.

2 Springs more cleare than chrystall streames,
Seated were the Groues among.
Thus nor *Titans* scorching beames,
Nor earthes drouth could shepheards wrong,
Faire *Pomonaes* fruitfull pride,
Did the budding branches hide.

3 Flockes of sheepe fed on the plaines,
Harmelesse sheepe that rom'd at large:
Here and there late pensiue Swaines,
Waiting on their wandring charge:
Pensiue while their Lasses smil'd,
Lasses which had them beguil'd.

4 Hils with Trees were richly dight,
Valleis stor'd with *Vestaes* wealth:
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
Thus did heauen grace the soile,
Not deform'd with workemens toile.

5 Purest plot of earthlie mould,
Might that land be iustly named.
Art by Nature was controul'd,
Art which no such pleasures framed:
Fairer place was never scene,
Fittest place for beauties Queene.

But to our purpose. As I wand'red along the sweet chan-
trells of the field, into whose gentle kind fair Philomele was
earst transformed, did seeme to gratulate my arriuall with
divine melody, raising her harmonious laies in highest tunes.

And

The Sheapheards complaint.

And not respecting the safetie of her tender charge scal'd with her wings the top of a losty tree, where while she sate, a carelesse contemner of worlds ever-changing chaunces, and pleased her selfe with the sweetnesse of her owne song, a snake slyly creeping into the foolish birds late forsaken nest devoured the ells yonglings not garded as before with the warie Mothers watchfullnes: They straining their tender brests, implo'd their wretched dammes untimely aid, who hearing the sad exclamnes of her betraied bwood, and being the sorrowfull eie-witnesse of their miserie, turnd her joyfull tunes into passionate laments, moaning so sweetly, that Nature urg'd by satall necessitie, seem'd to excel Art: but complaints were bootlesse: for the cruell devourer had alreadie engulfed the innocent yonglings in his venomous maw, whose deaths she celebrated with her mournfull cries, & framed their funerall song in heauenly notes. But while she bercft of her pretie little ones the hope of her future content, began fresh sorrowes, a fowler having espied the haplesse bird, and intending her like misfortune, tooke his station and prepared the engines of his crueltie, thoroughly resolving to embowell a small bullet in her guts, and so finish her hearts sorrow. But while he aimed at her, desirous to effect his cruell resolution, the snake whose entrals were yet warme with the guiltless blood of those unhappy young ones, did sting the greedie birders foot, who grieved with the sodaine peine, left his former interprize, and falling into a cholericke humour, diuided the mangled bodie of that cursed serpents bwood into manie pieces, employing his death-bodenning engine, the satall receptacle of consuming sulphur otherwise than bee had determined. Thus he which made his bellie the childrens graue, did with remoulsfull recompence procure the mothers safetie, satisfying her reuenge with his bloud, and saving her life through his kinde attempt. I thought the strangenes of this chance worthy of recitall. But going forward, I discried a little thicket, a name well fitting the propertie of that place: for it was so thick & close, that it seem'd rather despairs man-sion, then delights harbour. Nature moderating her lavish bounty,

The Shepheards complaint.

bountie seated there this onely blemish of Arcadias blisse,
whose other groves haunted by the wanton Satyres, traced
by the light sole Hamadriades, and hallowed with the sacred
presence of the rurall Dimigods, having cleare springs to
comfort the thirstie hunters, and sweet Arbores to refreshe
the weary Symphs, wanted no perfections of pleasure which
Natures plentiful prouidence could afford, or heauens kinde
influence maintaine. But though this amasing obiect contra-
rie to the rest, did somewhat daunt me, yet armed with a firme
resolution, I boldly entered to search the secret corners of
that affrighting place: Where what I saw, and how I saw, is
plainely discouered in this following discourse, the sad record
of a mournful Shepheards lament, which being the chiefeſt
part of my dreame I noted so ſone as I awaked, deſcanting
on his eſtate in common verſe, both before and after the paſſi-
onate Eclogue. But being loth it ſhould come abroaſd ſo na-
ked, I haue thus meanly clothed it with the addition of other
accidents to make it a perfect dreame, though an imperfect
matter. But be it as it wil, I wil rather preſume on the cour-
teſie of your ſcrendly censures, then loſe time, & beſtow laboř in
refining a toy, which I haue bene occaſioned to publith. But
they which haue by their owne miſhappes experimeted the
forſe of Loue, and torturing troubles of enthauld affection,
wil I hope gently censure of his Complaintes, if not for the
worth of his deſert, yet for his paſſions fake.

VV I thin a Groue encompaſt round with trees,
VV whose close ſet tops cleare ſight of piercing eie,
Could ſcarce find paſſage through, by iuft degrees
Proportioned in diſtance equall
As done by ſkilfull Artists memorie,
A penſiue Shepheard ſtretch'd him on the ground,
VV whose wondēd ioyes ſad paſſions diſconfound.

As when a blacke thicke Meteore doth ore-goe
Heau'nſ light, whose vauie rooſe bright orbs embolleſſe,
The vapours late exhaled from belowe

Dimmie

The Shepheards complaint.

Dimme that faire place with dregs of earth-bred drosse,
Which striuing winds doth rough the welkin tosse:
So this thicke shade, darke mansion of despaire,
Did scarce affoord an entrance to thinne aire.

Under an Arboret embranched wide,
This fore-lorne swaine opprest with care did lie:
Upon whose barke approaching I espide,
And red engrau'd this dolefull Elegie,
As euery way I glaunc'd my rouling eie,
Sad Elegie which in few lines compriz'd:
Much care: and thus it was by him deuiz'd.

If I could carue on this thy tender rind,
Such deepe characters with my feeble arme,
Arme feeble through distresse of woefull mind,
As in my heart deepe cut, thicke-set doe swarne,
While earthes kind moisture fed thy blosomes pride,
These sorrow-seasond lines shoulde firme abide.

What ere thou be that passing by this way,
Readst this memoriall, search not curioslie
My name, most haplesse name, but hast away,
Least heau'ns afflict thee with like miserie:
And gentle passenger let this remaine,
Long monument of unknowne shepheards paine.
Hei mihi quam tardo mors pede lenta venit?

Scarse had I read this sad record entrold,
On winding barke, when lifting vp his eies
To heau'n, though he no heauen could behold,
(For ouer-spreading trees did that disguise)
He fild the aire with oft repeated cries,
And gan prepare in stile Heroicall,
To waile his loues losse and his fancies thrall.

Goddesse and mother of the learned nine,

B

Mnemo-

The Shepheards complaint.

Mnemosyne rich treasurie of Art,
Nourse of conceit, and mysteries divine,
Infuse a powrfull influence to my heart,
That outward mones bewraying inward smart,
My mindfull penne making rehearsall true,
May register as thus they do ensue.

If plaints could penetrate the sun-bright top of *Olympus*,
Whose lights sweet cōfort these eies, eies moist with abundance
Of down-streaming teares since wrong'd by Fancy, beheld not:
Or th'earth yeild passage to my voice, voice hoarse with a thousand
More then a thousand mones, sending them downe to the deepe
Where *Pluto* Lord of Acheron enioyeth his Empire, (vawts,
Or soime blustring blasts conuey by force of a whirle-wind,
These my sad lamenta to the wide world there to be talk'd of:
Gods that dwell on high, and Fiends that lurke in *Auernus*:
Men that liue on earth, or saile through watery *Tethys*.
Gods, whose diuine shapes loues force hath oft metamorphos'd,
Fiends, whose hellish hearts no remorse, no regard euer entred,
Men whom loues deepe wounds haue prostrate laid at his altars,
All these would pitie me, but vaine wish can litle helpe me:
Yet though wish be vaine, my sad complaints I will vtter:
Though to my selfe I repeat as oft ere now I repeated,
Mones mix'd with salt teares for th'ease of harts heavy burthen,
Heart prest with sorrow, heart with care heauily loaden.
When Fortunes doome was equall, and loues fury forcelesse,
Arcadian pastures tending my flocke I frequented
Chiefe mongst the shepheards for wit, for beauty, for all things.
Oft did I win both prize and palme, when our ioly meetings
And yearly feastings solemnis'd were to the great God
Pan, the God of shepheards soueraigne defender of all flockes,
And Laurell garland hath crown'd me conqueror often.
Dame as pend sweet ditties, with comely *Palemon*:
And with him *Lycidas*, and mongst Neat-heards many gallants:
But none of these durst, though each of these had a mistresse,
Strive in praise of them with me, fearing to be vanquish'd:
Yet *Lycidas* had a choyce, a faire choyce, louely *Felisa*.

Nymphes

The Shepheards complaint.

Nymphes would sit in a round comming fro the chase to refresh
Listning vnto my songs, & vnto the tunes that I gaue thē. (them
With the Satyres lightly skipping, where *Flora* requested,
And with sommers pride, earthes faire greene mantle adorned,
And th'hornfeet halfe-gods, with all the progeny rural:
The wind-wing'd *Naiads* spring-haunting *Naiades*, all these
Did me requite, whose pen with praise they gently rewarded.
Each faire Shepheardeesse was with my company gladded:
Me *Galathea* fauourd, yet was *Galathea* rejected:
Mefaire *Phillis* lik'd, but *Phillis* could not I fancy.
Hestylis and *Daphne*, both faire, both woo'd me with offers:
Hestylis and *Daphne*, both faire, were fondly repulsed:
Kind girles, fit epithete for girles so kind, but vnhappy.
The snow-white *Hyalus* worlds wonder, faire as *Adonis*,
Scornd Nymphes allurements, and Heardmens gifts he refused:
But me the boy did loue, and in coole shade I remember,
With me reposing oft, *Philomeles* cleare notes he resembling,
With voyce Angelicall, my ditties sweetly recorded.
But nor he, nor they could my fond affection alter,
Whose care-craf'd hart, and loue-pierc'd thoughts fair *Amaryllis*,
Held in pleasing thrall: for then it seem'd so: but aie me,
Now I repent too late, too late I repent that I thought so.
Her did I greet, and fairly salute each morne with a present:
But proud girle, coy girle, though presents some she receiued,
Yet she refus'd the most, and better not be receiued,
Then be receiued so: with feigned similes she rewarded,
My not feind good-will: and when by chance I beheld her,
Walking on the plaines, if I did draw neere to salute her:
Then wing'd with desdaine, more swift in pace she returned,
Then light-foot *Daphne* shunning the sight of *Apollo*,
Flying his pursute and bootlesse chase, with a stborne
And peruerse conceit: like her was coy *Amaryllis*.
Forme she loath'd, although her I lou'd, and in many ditties,
(Few such ditties were) her beauties praise I recounted.
Fames shrill eternall trumpet through Arcadic, sounded
Her matchlesse vertues, and gentle fame the reuenger
Of my causcless wrongs, her coynes hath so recorded.

The Shepheards complaint.

(Fame which from my penne large matterfully receiued)
That sea-bred Dolphins, and misform'd waterie Monsters,
Shall in the welkin sport them with loftie *Lauates*,
And saile-bearing pine glide through thin aire with a *Syren*,
Swimming neere the sterne, and *Jones* bird lodg'd in *Olympus*,
The royall Eagle chiefe Lord and lordly regarde
Of the featherd brood with his wing'd army repairing.
Downe to the late-left boure of *Nerens* and *Tberis* and all,
That lodge in watrie cabinets, shall sooner abide there,
And for euer dwell there then fames found which memorised,
Her desdainefull pride be cleane forgot by the shepheards,
Or mongst th' Arcadians my sorrowes not be remembred.
Yet vaine was my labour small comfort thence I receiued,
For she lou'd an other though farre vnfitt to be riuall
With me which did surpassee him that nor very witty,
Nor verie comely was: all Arcadie knowes that I feine not,
Nor fond boasting vse, yet was he receiu'd, I reiected,
Pardon faire, fairer then any fairest *Amaryllis*,
Pardon sweet, more sweet then any most sweet *Amaryllis*,
Though thou absent be, yet craue I pardon O pardon,
Those my wrathfull lookes ore-cast with frownes neuersed,
Till thy misdeeming censure did wrong so the shepheard,
Whose match for loyall seruice wide world never harbourd:
Except loues martyr, loues wonder gentle *Amintas*.
O pardon those impatient thoughts which I did vter
In blasphemous words, blaspheming thee *Amaryllis*,
Cursing those graces wherewith nature did adorne thee,
And on thy pride exclaiming fond passion vrg'd me,
Then when I saw my riuall speed, my selfe so reiected,
Then did it vrge me so, that mou'd with more then a wonted
Griefe of mind, I vowd to renounce the state of a shepheard,
State too good for me which vow too well I remembred.
For leauing all the pleasures which Arcadie yeelded,
Cleare springs, faire fountaines, greene meadows, & shady valleis
Where, while flocke did graze, sometimes I sweetly reposing,
Did meditate on loue, when loue was friend to my fancy,
Leauing these, loathing my selfe, looking for a speedy

End

The Shepheards complaint.

End of care, I remaind alone, all companie shunning,
To grace thassemblies of Shepheards oft I refused,
Sheep were left a pray to the wolfe, sheep which me beholding,
Droup't in deepe sorrow, with bleating seemd to bemon me,
Gentle sheepe, kinde beasts, more kinde then coye *Amaryllis*,
Thus I resolu'd to seeke a place, fitte place for an abiet,
Found this darksome groue, since when still heere I remained,
Heer to the woods I waild: woods seemd to groane whē I wailed,
Heer to the trees I mon'd, trees seemd to bend when I mon'd me,
Heer to the winds I mournd, winds sent calme blastes to releiue me
Thus to the woods, to the winds, to the trees, to the flouds, to the
& to the thinnest aire, to the valleis & to the mōtains, (fountains
Framing sad lamentes, more comfort haue I received,
From these, then from the coye lookes of proud *Amaryllis*,
Kinde Echo was mou'd, her like mishap she rememb'ring,
Joyn'd her mones to mine, my last words gently repeating:
And the chirping birds attentiu'e vnto my sorrowes,
Chang'd their pleasant notes for mournfull tunes to bewaile me.
But why talke I thus? all these could smally releiue me,
Slowe death when com'st thou? slow death can wholy release me.

THIS said, he sighd, as though his heart would rive,
Had she that wrongd the sweet-tongud shepheard so,
Whose high thoughts fortunes malice did deprive
Of sweete delight, matter more fitte then woe,
O would his fates had preordaind it so:
Had she beene there to heare him thus lament,
Her eyes some teares, her heart some sighes had lent.

O how diuinely would the swaine haue sung
In Laureate lines of beauteous Ladies praise?
Her fame emblason'd, farre abroad had rung,
Where worlds bright eye his farthest beames displayes,
If Loue had deign'd his drouping quill to raise,
Whose heau'ny Muse midst sorrow tun'd so high,
Her Swan-like notes, as loath that all should die.

The Shepheards complaint.

When I beheld the shepheard grieved so,
I did compassionare his heauinelle,
And with sad sighes accorded to his woe,
Which in those former plaints he did expresse.
Yet loath to trouble him in his distresse,
As vnespi'd I thether did repaire,
So vnespi'd I left him in despaire.

Most sweete *Aminus*, if the heau'ny Pen
That wrote the loyall issue of thy loue,
Whose golden lines are mongst conceitfull men,
Esteem'das doth his labours best behoue
Whose stile th'applauding Muses did approoue,
If that had written fillie Iwaines vnrest,
Poore shepheards griefe had sweetly beene exprest.

But death that seasdon matchlesse *Astrophel*,
Bereauing still the world of worlds delight,
Hath stop'd his hopefull course that did excell,
Sweete Poet that diuinely did indite.
Arcadians doe him his deserued right,
And on his Tombe greene Laurel-branches spread,
Which while he breath'd on earth, ador'nd his head.

Dead though thou bee, faire floure of Poetrie,
Yet gratafull Loue hath memorizd thy name,
A monument of lasting memorie,
Farold in endlesse registers of Fame,
Thou for thy selfe didst in sweete Poems frame.
But what meane I in harsh ill-sounding verse,
Thy rare perfections rudely to rehearse?

Soli quid sit amor scium amantes.

I Gauing this comfortlesse harbour of the despairing Shep,
heard, I wand'red hafse dismayed through the spacious
plaines,

The Shepheards complaint.

plains, covered with multitudes of grasing flocks: at last I dis-
cried a little hill, whose shadie top was thick set with My-
tle Tress: approaching, I perceiud a little valley vnderneath,
and therein a pleasant spring: and at the foote of the hill I
beheld a faire Shephearde, sitting and making a prettye
Garland of odiferous flores, to crowne her Swaine
which sat somewhat belowe, and ever as he durst, did cast
vp his eyes the admirers of her beautie, yet fearefully, as
not assured of her fauour. Thus while the one was busis
with her hands, the other with his eyes: a yong Heyser,
whose neck was not yet tamed with the heauy yoake, did
in the valley spoyle her selfe now frisking, then leaping wan-
tonly, sometimes tumbling her bodie in the grasse, and wal-
lowing on the ground, suddenly leaping vppe, as if glutted
with the fruition of Floraes benefits: thus still she played,
yet never wearie with play. The faire Shephearde smilid
at this sight, as partaker of like freedome: the Swaine seruid
to sighe, as deprivid of like libertie: She renude her smiles,
as triumphing in his thrall, yet crownde him with the Gar-
land which she made, as loth he shold despaire, having re-
ceiued so faire a token of her fauour.

The Shepheard comforted with this vnderpected courtesie,
did resume his lost courage, and began thus to descant on
his fortune.

FAIRE mistresse, when the Heifar plaide with pleasure,
You smilid, I sobd, for smiles could not relieue me:
His fearieesse life, your freedomes worth did measure:
Whichcausd you smile, and with your smiles to grieue me.
But though you smiling seemed to deny me,
Yet this kinde fauour proues twas but to trie me.

More faithfull Swaine was never tryde of any,
More true, more trustie, to his dearest loue:
A rare example, and vnkownne of manie,
Which doe their seruants lightnesse oft reproue.

Hence-

The Shepheards complaint.

Henceforth bold thoughts: despaire shall not confound me,
Eyes gaid, smiles kild, but gentle hands haue crownd me.

The Shepheardesse glad to heare her swaine in this pleasant mode, could not dissemble her discovered affection, nor conceal that which she had already opened: thus therefore she did replie, consoleting with him in one key, and consenting in one thought.

When wanton Heifar sported heere and there,
I smild as soueraigne of mine owne desires:
When thou didst sob, my smiles renewed were,
To see thee scorch'd with loues enflaming fires:
Yet loth to wrong the truth of thy intent
I gaue thee hope, and staide thy sad lament.

I smild though not as mou'd with coy desdeigne,
But with a garland crownd thy head to please thee:
Smiles were renewd, not to deride thy peine,
But to reioyce that I alone could ease thee.
Sob then no more, but if thou loue at all,
Esteeme no freedome like this pleasing thrall.

Shepheard.

Sweet thrall first step to loues felicitie,
Shepheardesse.

Sweete thrall no stop to perfect libertie.

Shep. O life. Shee. What life?

He. Sweete life. Shee. No life more sweete,

He. O loue. Shee. What loue.

He. Sweete loue. Shee. No loue more meete.

Thus with her kinde conclusion, knitting lynes sweetnesse
With loues solace, she relied the fainting Swaine, which before
halse dismaide, was doubtfull of her fauour, and droopt
discontent. How happy had the siluer-tongud Shepheard
been, if cope Amaryllis had pitied his extremes, and with
lyke

The Shepheards complaint.

lyke kindnesse converted his moane into mirth, his care into
comfor^t, his despaire into hope: whose heauenly muse, sweete
secretarie of his diuine conceit, would haue erprest the summe
of loues happines in matchlesse lines, and encreased the num-
ber of conceitfull Arcadians, whose wits Sharpned with loues
pleasures, employing their pennes in doyng homage to loues
Altar, and publishing their Symphes praises with never-dy-
ing bla^zons of their beauties worth.

Both true and oft tryed is that saying : *Amor melle &*
felle facundissimus. which I will thus English, following ra-
ther the sence then the sentence : Loues sweete is oft mixed
with sowre. The truth of which assertion is by his misfor-
tunes largely proved : who though wanting no deserts
which loue might challenge , yet could not compasse that
whereto he aymid his desires : how iustly then might he set
this Lenuoye at the end of his sorrowfull complaint!

WHat life, what loue, dooth rest in Womens lookes?

What hap, what hope, haue they whom beauty snares?
Coye dame no bold conceit in seruant brookes,
But for her captiue still new thrall prepares,
And loades his heart with new enforced cares.
Thus hopes he still for that he nere shall finde,
Such are the trophes of proud womankinde.

But this other Shepheard, whose fortune made him ow-
ner of his eyes choise , would haue contradicted his saying if
he had heardit, accusing him of impatience, because hee pend
his iniurious censure in too cholerike a veine: and doubtlesse
would thus haue turnd these disparaging lines, and annered
them to the end of all his devises, as the summe of his whole
opinion.

WHat life, what loue, if not in womens lookes ?

What hap, what hope, like theirs whom beauty snares ?
Faire dame no fond despaire in seruant brookes,
But for her captiue still new ioy prepares,

The Shepheards complaint.

Easing his heart of vnbeseeching cares.
Thus what he hopes, he shalbe sure to finde,
Such is the sexe of glorious womankinde.

But ceasing to descant on their thoughts, whose fortunes I haue not tryed, I wyl procede to recount what else I saue.

Many, loues wondrous stratagems deserve a deeper meditation, and cannot be thus lightly conceited. I wanded therefore, musing more then earst I did, on the effects of loue, not knowing howe to terme so strange a passion, whose diverse successe did cause sevall motions in their hearts, which were enthralld by fancie, and captivated by affection, yet all ending in extremes. I thought then that Poets had reason to inuest him with the title of Deitie, whose powerfull shafts had not onely pierced the yielding hearts of mortall men, but made a forcible entrance into the relenting thoughts of immortall gods: Jupiter himselfe *Hominum satror aequorum*, felt the force of his aspiring Shepheares fatal weapons, else would he not haue courted Leda in the shape of a Swanne, wasted Europa in forme of a Bull, descended into Danaes lap like a goulden shoyre, besides his other pretty sleights, which the amorous God did oft practise to beguile his zealous Queen.

Now was Apolo ignorant of loues power, who being ouermatched by Cupid, to whome he durst equall himselfe, was forced to ease his ouerburthened heart, and vtter his passion, exclaiming thus in an impatient humour.

Heimibi quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis.

Physicks God knew no salue to cure such a sore, whose incurable vehemencie is proved by his most passionate complaines, recorded by Loues Herault in his volume of transformed shapes. But whether am I carryed? it besemes not me to descant on loues powerfull souereigntie, but to employ

The Shepheards complaint.

my pen, in relating that whiche I saw or seemed to see in my morning vision. Passing along, and viewing many trees, whose gorgeous branches garnished with rurall pompe, and the pride of Syluanus, did somewhat darken the ground with a spatiouse shade: not farre from the rest, I espied a Myrtle tree, and approaching did read written neere unto the top, thus:

Vnder this tree faire Phyllis did relent,
And Tityrus receiud his first content.

And a little vnderneath that, thus:

Faire Queene of loue to whom this tree belongs,
Next Phyllis, thou shalt grace the shepheards songs.

And vnderneath that againe, thus:

Apolloes laurel to this tree shall yeeld,
For Phyllis deems the Myrtle cheefe in Field.

And on the other side of the tree thus:

The filie Swaine whose loue breedes discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a lothsome thing:
 Sad he lookes, sad he lyes:
But when his fortunes malice doth relent,
Then of loues sweetnesse, he will sweetly sing:
 Thus he liues, thus he dyes:
Then Tityrus whom Loue hath happie made,
Will rest thrise happie in this myrtle shade,
 For though loue at first did grieue him,
 Yet did loue at last relieue him.

The seate vnderneath the tree was wonne with their oft
sitting on it: for it seemed to be much frequented by Phyllis
and her beloued Swaine.

The Shepheards complaint.

Hereby I gathered, that all Arcadians were not unhappie, but the most, fortunate in loue: what though Ouid censured thus:

Fas tus inest pulchris?

With, that is an imperfection incident to some sexe, not a fault common to all. Amaryllis was coy, Helen had a gad-
ding humour: yea but Penelope was chaste, Laodamia loyall,
Artemisia louing, Lucretia chaste: thus haue we many proothes
to answere any instance of feminine imperfection: yet nothing
which is mortall, can bee absolutely perfect: Virgils saying is
most true.

Varium et mutabile semper

Femina.

Euridice, which living could not bee accused of inconstan-
cie, was after death blemished with unkindnesse, because for-
getting the covenant of her returne from hell. She fondly loo-
ked backe. The silver-tongued Thracian, whom Apollo had
endued with a double gift of musick and poetricie, beeing mou-
ted with this, hated and with hatefull disgrace disparaged
the woorth of that sexe which before bee had honoured by his
matchlesse Art: but if I proceed in this vaine, I shall fall into
a Labyrinth more intricate than the first.

Scarce had I left that place, when I heard a leud noyse of
Pipes: looking forward, I saw a great troupe of mourners,
towardes whome I paced: and drawing neare, behelde God
Pan for most of this assemblie, who sounded a dolefull note on
his Dat en pipe: Next him came Syluanus, Pomona, Fauntis
and all the rurall powers, whome the light-funte Satyres fol-
lowed piping all, though harshly, yet beautilie. Next after
these, the swift-pacing Wood-Nymphes came, whose
golden lockes staining the beautye of Titans beames,
hong loose about their shoulders: these did streue flowers on
the ground as they went, hauing their lappes full, and with
their voyces agreeing in one sound, made a sorrowfull, yet
sweet consort.

Next

The Shepheards complaint.

þer these, a coarse couered with a faire hearse curioslie
embrothered, and ouer-spredde with choycce plenty of swer-
test flowers was carried by soure Shepheards: on it this shott
Epitaph in red letters.

Heere beauties wonder lately slaine doth lie,
Whome angrie *Cintbias* wrath did doome to die.

A great troupe of Shepheardes followed this b̄eathlesse
coarse, which made mee muse the moze, thinking that it was
some rare creature, at whose perfections that angry Goddesse
did repine, as fearing that the report of his worth would bring
her deity into contempt: yet desirous to bee throughtly resolu-
ued, I demanded of him which was the last of the company,
what this solinne pompe did signifie: he courteously shaped
me this answere. Stranger, (soz so thou saimest) know, that
these are the obite rites of faire Amaryllis, whome fewe could
match in beautie, none in pride. She refusing the loue and ser-
vice of the best deserving Shephard that ever was b̄ed in
Arcadia, bellowed her fauour on a clownish Swaine, his in-
ferior in all perfections: hee it was whome thou sawest fol-
lowing the hearse clad in mournfull attire: but sodainelie re-
penting her choice, she did coldly entertaine him, thinking him
to bee honoured enouḡ, and her selfe too much abased by such
height fauors which she affor ded him yet such, as they might
haue prolonged the other Shepheards life, which could not ob-
tein the least courtesie, though worthy of the most. But proud
Amaryllis, deeming her selfe better than any mortall creature,
durst attempt comparisons with the immortall powers, mat-
ching her selfe in the height of her owne conceit with matchles
Diana, the soueraigne of these Groves: who though sprong of
heauenly race, yet deignes to blesse Arcadia with her sacred
presence. The Goddes iealous of her honoꝝ aimed at her one
of those shafts, wherewith she wounds the flying beaſts: and
deprived the coy girle of life, which would haue breated her
of renoune. Thus being slaine by divine iusteſſe, she is hono-
red in her death, and her bedie accompanied to the earth with

The Shepheards complaint.

the rusticall musick of the rurall Dimi-Gods, and the celesti-
all notes of the louely Nymphes, which tune their voyce in a
funerall song, they purpose to convey her body to the darke-
some Grove, where it is said, the soze-loyne Shepheard by her
desaign'd leads a solitarie life: who if he yet live, may see his
wrongs renenged, and the cause of his complaints, on whome
before he durst not looke, lying by his side a breathlesse obiect,
on whome he may now looke his fill. If he be dead, her bodie
shall be interred where he spent his daies in sorowe: But the
losse of Niobe, the metamorphosis of wretched Arachne, or the
death of Marsias might haue warned her to auoyde like pre-
sumption.

Thus hast thou heard the cause of this solemnity brieftlie
unfolded: but now stranger thou must pardon me, I can spend
no longer time in these discourses, but must hast after my
companie. This said, he left me in a deepe meditation, musing
at the inevitable lot of destiny, whose successiue chances knit
together with the chaine of necessitie, followe each the other
in fatall course: the last finishing what the former left vnexe-
cted, and all discharging the most certain ordinances of diuine
prescence. But sleepe could not furnish my fancy with such
high thoughts, as my troubled conceit did affect: therefore a-
midst my dumps, I sodainly awaked, & thus ended my dream,
which if you bouchsafe to peruse with fauourable censure, I
shall rest fully satisfied: and though I can perforeme nothing
else, yet of this I wil be sare, not to trouble you with tedious
toyes: nor manifest mine owne insufficiencie in long discou-
rses, for then misliking the subiect, you would cast it away be-
fore yee read halfe, or if you bestowed a fewe idle houres in
perusing it all, you would curse mee that helde you so long in
reading a triffe, sith you might haue employed that vacant
time in viewing matters of moze moment, and greater plea-
sure.

But where Apolloes Lute is silent, Pans harsh Pipe may
supply a romme, which else would blush at the sound of his own
musick. You know the saying of Horace.

Scribimus in doctis doctique poemata passim.

They

The Shepheards complaint.

They which are not sufficiently furnished with matchless
perfections, wrought in them by vertue of a divine Entheos,
may yet talke of Parnassus, thirft for the siluer streames of
Helicon, and honour the Muses in wordes, whose high-con-
ceited scruants they cannot match in worth. A Scholers A-
liquid, is better than whole Volumes of Clownishe lines.
Drawne from the muddie fountaines of Mechanicall braines.

But seeking freely to excuse, I doe sondrie accuse my
selfe. I wil therfore rest on the hope of your
courteous acceptance.



Imprinted at London for William Blackewall,
and are to be sold at his shop ouer against
Guild-hal Gate.